

## Like Lochinvar

( with apologies to Sir Walter Scott )

LIKE THIS LOCHINVAR CAT DRAGGED IT IN FROM THE COAST.  
OF THE MAD MILLS IN BIRDLAND, HIS WHEELS WERE THE MOST.  
AND YOU PLAY DOWN HIS SWITCHBLADE, THIS CAT CAME ON CLEAN  
LIKE HE SLIP-CLUTCHED IT SOLO, AND NAKED I MEAN.  
LIKE COOL WITH HIS CHICK, AND BAD NEWS IN A SPAT,  
HE'S A SWINGING-FREE DADDY, THIS LOCHINVAR CAT.

HE MAULED UP THE FREE-WAY, HIS PIPES BLOWING COOL,  
OUTDRAGGING THE STOCKS FROM THE OLD TWO-FOUR SCHOOL.  
BUT LIKE LATE HE SWUNG IN AT HIS QUEEN'S KOOKIE PAD.  
AND THIS ELLEN CHICK, PUSHED BY HER LONGHAIREED OLD DAD,  
TO BUG IT FOR FIVE ON THIS LOCHINVAR KICK,  
HAD BEEN PINNED TO A CUBE FROM THE DAY-PEOPLE CLIQUE.

LIKE LOCHINVAR BOLDLY CRUISED INTO HER SHACK,  
AND STOOD LAMPING THE SQUARES WHILE HE WHEEZED ON A HACK.  
OLD DAD BLEW THIS NOTE AS HE PALMED OUT HIS SHIV,  
(FOR 'COLD-MEAT,' THE CUBE, HAD FORGOTTEN TO LIVE.)  
"ARE YOU KEYED FOR A RUMBLE OR GROOVED FOR A FIX  
WITH INTENTIONS OF GOOFING AND DIGGING THE LICKS?"

"I'VE BEEN TORCHING THIS BROAD SINCE OLD DIZZY FIRST  
KICKED.

MAN, I DUG HER THE MOST, BUT I KNOW WHEN I'M LICKED.

I'M HERE TO GIVE USED-TO-BE BABY A TWIRL,

AND BURN OUT A ROD IN A GIN-SWINGING SWIRL.

THERE ARE FRAILS IN THE VILLAGE THAT ARE STACKED LIKE  
A DREAM

WHO WOULD FLIP IF THIS CAT BLEW A NOTE ON THEIR BEAM."

SO LIKE NEXT, ELLEN SLIPPED HIM A FIFTH OF THE BEST.

LIKE HE POURED HER A DOUBLE, AND CHUGGED OFF THE REST.

THEN HE BLEW HER A CASE NOTE TO SEE HOW THINGS COOKED,

AND SHE CAME ON SO STRONG THAT HE KNEW SHE WAS HOOKED.

LIKE THEY LOCKED LILY-WHITES 'ERE THE OLD MARE COULD  
BLEAT,

AND WENT ROCKIN' AND ROLLIN' AND DIGGING THE BEAT.

LIKE THEY ROMPED TO THE WAIL OF A COOL SWINGING FIVE,  
AND WENT WAY OUT AND WOOLY ON THIS CRAZY JIVE.

THE LONGHAIRS WERE BUGGING ALMOST TO DISTRACTION,

BUT THE CUBE WAS TOO SQUARE TO LIKE CLUE TO THE ACTION,



AND THE CHICKS IN THE WINGS WERE ALIVE TO THE WORD  
THAT ELLEN SHOULD BLOW WITH THIS LOCHINVAR BIRD.

SAID LOCHINVAR, "KITTEN, LET'S CUT OUT AND RIDE."  
AND THEY SPLIT FROM THE PAD TO THE BOMB JUST OUTSIDE.  
LIKE HE FIRED UP THE MILL, AND GEARED OUT, HIGH AND MEAN,  
AND WAS STILL BURNING RUBBER A BLOCK FROM THE SCENE.  
"WE'VE FOXED THEM." HE SNICKERED, "NO DAY-CRUIISING CRATE  
CAN SLOPE IN THE LEAGUE WITH THIS 'GUTBUCKET EIGHT'."

THE SQUARES CAME ON STRONG WITH THE FOSDICK ROUTINE,  
AND THEY SWORE THEY WOULD SKRAG HIM, AND WIN BACK THEIR  
QUEEN,  
BUT THEY BUGGED AT THE TRAFFIC BE BREEZED WITH A YAWN,  
AND WHEN HE MADE THE FREE-WAY, LIKE MAN, HE WAS GONE.  
LIKE SO COOL WITH HIS CHICK, AND BAD NEWS IN A SPAT,  
WAS THERE EVER A STUD LIKE THIS LOCHINVAR CAT?

-- Charles H. Jerred

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### Agammemnon (Or How Not To Succeed)

I seek entrance to Hades, gods, call off the great dogs  
for a moment.  
I bear a message for the past and future.  
The not-born and the once-born.  
Forget the petty quarrel we have had.  
I crave a truce.  
I desire a word with Agammemnon  
and later -- a place at his feet.

Ah -- Welcome somnambulistic transportation  
ship of dreams  
by which I may travel to the past  
for the future.  
Charon -- I'll bring you an outboard for this  
once a day toothpaste for Pluto.  
and, of course, a T.V. for lonely Proserpine.  
Now -- Agammemnon? May I call you Aggie?  
for somehow I feel that we share  
a common mistake if not similar virtues  
and, of course, defects.